

On a calm warm September afternoon, in 1796, the fire drum all at once began to beat frantically in the Upper Town, the *tocsin* to sound from the R. C. Cathedral ; soon a dense smoke enveloped the stables of Judge Dunn's \* house in Saint Louis Street. A small coloured boy named Michel, the Judge's servant, had fired off a toy cannon in the stable, and accidentally set fire to it. A violent south-west wind springing up at that moment, burning fragments were deposited as far as the Ursuline Convent, the roof of which at three distinct times ignited—a drought of six weeks duration had dried up the shingles like chips. Suddenly the cry arose, that the steeple of the old Recollet Convent on Garden Street, was in a blaze, a burning shingle carried on the wings of the hurricane, had lodged in the belfry. Father DeBerrey, the R. C. Clergy, the citizens, all worked with a will to stay the destroyer, all worked in vain.

The fiery demon gaining strength as it ran along, bore clouds of cinders, ignited paper, charred shingles, all over the Lower Town ; H. M's Frigate Pallas, Captain Lord Cochrane, moored in the stream, opposite Cape Diamond, fearing the fiery cloud should set her rigging on fire, slipped her cable, and drifted below the harbour with the ebb tide. The old pile was destroyed, the poor monks, rendered homeless : they dispersed.

Father DeBerrey found shelter under the hospitable roof of Mr. Francis Duval in St. Louis Street. Frère Marc, settled at St. Thomas, and earned for forty years his livelihood by mending clocks. Frère Louis, opened a school in St. Vallier Street, where his lovely flower garden and luscious plums soon became famous. Another Frère became a mariner between Montreal and Quebec. There were also Frère Bernard and Frère Bernardin. The Government on

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\* Mr. DeGaspe in his *Memoirs* describes the house in St. Louis Street as belonging to Judge Monk, whilst Deputy Commissary General Thompson states it was owned by Judge Dunn.